

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behoues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you give me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girlie,
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burns, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestiments show
But meere implorators of vnholie suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth

Prince of Denmarke.

Hau you so 'slander any moments leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A Florish of trumpet*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets and 2. pieces goes off.*

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his towse,
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Renish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my mind, though I am natvie heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle East and West
Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Sinc nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reason,
Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausive manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect

D.

Being